

# Magazine Page

If There IS a Sugar Shortage By NELL BRINKLEY Copyright, 1937, International News Service.



of sweetening may be black and bitter for all they care. "Help the Allies—though it is no sacrifice for us!" they warble—and kiss again for substitute of the rare white crystal treasure.—NELL BRINKLEY.

## THE HIDDEN HAND

By Arthur B. Reeve.

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

### Episode 3.

#### THE ISLE OF DREAD.

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MEANWHILE at Whitney Island and the good old housekeeper, Amanda, was crazy with fear. Early in the day, when Doris had telephoned she was coming, she had been delighted. The arrival of the butler was the forerunner of the coming Doris, and she was happy. But when later Doris did not come she began to worry.

Finally, when they heard some one coming up the gravel walk, James threw open the door. It was Verda, with Platt.

The moment Platt caught sight of the butler he made a lunge at him, pinioning him against the wall and snapping a pair of handcuffs about his wrists before the amazed James could even cry out.

"This is Detective Platt, Amanda," explained Verda. "Have Doris and Mr. Ramsey arrived?"

The housekeeper threw up her hands in amazement. "Lord bless my soul, Miss Verda, Doris and Mr. Ramsey were murdered. Mr. Platt says he's sure James did it. He very kindly offered to bring me here in the police boat."

"Tell it to the judge," growled Platt as he led off the unfortunate butler, now speechless with fright. In intensified horror the moments sped as Doris waited for the return of Ramsey.

### An Impersonation.

In terror she paced up and down the shack, alternately weeping and wringing her hands.

Suddenly she heard footsteps outside. She listened in terror as the door opened. There in the dawn light was revealed the face of Ramsey.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed as a wave of relief overwhelmed her. "Was there anything wrong?" "Couldn't find a thing," he returned.

It was not Jack! This was not the man with whom she had fallen in love. "You won't need this," continued the fake Ramsey, picking up the automatic that lay on the table, while Doris eyed him fearfully. "Let me take care of the packet for you."

If there had been any lingering doubt in her mind this remark would have removed it. There had not been and Doris had been quietly maneuvering to get near the door, when suddenly she was confronted by the grinning face of an imitator of James, her butler, blocking the way.

"James," she ordered, in desperation, trying to act as though she believed the deception. "Come here."

Still grinning, the fake butler advanced.

## A Wonderful Serial of Compelling Mystery.

den Hand, in a towering rage at the delay, reached out, seized the poor fisherman by the throat, and a cloud of vapor from the terrible forefinger shot out, gassing him, as he toppled over, overturning the rowboat and sinking down out of sight in the still angry waters.

"More speed," urged the Hidden Hand, as the overturned rowboat drifted away.

Doris, in the stern, gazed back at it in frozen horror. The motor boat gathered speed. There was but one chance left. She gathered her strength for a supreme effort, rose, and, before any of them realized what she was doing, flung herself overboard into the water, holding her breath and letting herself go down—down—as she struck out, under water, in the direction of the overturned boat.

"Stop!" shouted the Hidden Hand, as an emissary tried to reverse the engine and turn.

Holding her breath, the girl struck out, saving every ounce of energy she could, on—on—the water toward the overturned boat. She was dizzy and almost exhausted, almost forced to come up whether she would or not when suddenly she saw the shadow of the rowboat above her. As slowly as her remaining strength would allow, she came up under it, grasping at the seat underneath.

It was like a diving bell as she panted for breath, drinking in the oxygen.

Frantically now, the Hidden Hand circled about, looking for his victim.

It was a chance for Doris and she was about to take it. Besides she could now see Ramsey calling on the shore.

But the chance fled, as the Hidden

## A Terrible Trick.

"Here, you pirates, that's my boat," growled the aggrieved fisherman, seizing it by the gunwale as it swept past, now towing him along.

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## A Xmas Tree Suggestion.

WHEN decorating the Christmas tree take spring clothespins, wrap cotton around the larger end, then two layers of red crepe paper, and tie securely. Cut the ends to look like rose petals. Use these for fastening the gifts to the tree—it is easier than tying, besides being ornamental.—From Good Housekeeping.

## Life and Its Meaning

DO YOU HAVE TO HAVE EXCITEMENT?

You Can't Afford to Allow Yourself to Go on Liking the Wrong Things.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

ARE you blasé? Must you have something new all the time to stimulate you? Do you need excitement and outside interest to make your life entertaining?

Someone once wrote words to this effect: "Tell me what a man likes and I will tell you what he is." There is a great deal in that idea!

Mary Jones gets an honest good time out of a walk up a country lane. She likes to feast her eyes on the landscape and to stroll along cheerily in the lush grass of Summer, the falling leaves of Autumn or the crisp snows of Winter. The minute you know that much about Mary, you know also that she is a simple soul—wholehearted and sweet and with enough imagination to dream a bit out in the open, enough health to glory in walking and enough respect for life to rejoice in its clean beauty.

Tommy Smith likes cabarets—the glitter, the more vividly lighted, the more replete with cheap and gaudy song and dance, the better, says Tommy. Well, then, even if he be a husky young giant, who is capable of knocking off a good day's work or a rattling game of tennis, there is a weak spot in Tommy—a love of cheap emotion, the longing for hectic stimulation to his imagination. If the weak spot widens and deepens, it is going to be a nasty big spot. Some day Tommy will turn into the sort who can't keep an honest job and who needs spectacular excitement in business as well as pleasure.

Kitty loves to dance. She doesn't want to talk seriously about serious things—why think about tragedy, says Kitty, there's enough of it in the world anyhow, and you might as well have a good time. And Kitty's good time is dancing, "rough-housing," tearing around in high-powered automobiles and tossing off a drink or two at a townhouse and then yawning sleepily to the tune of music. Kitty is pictured for you—now, isn't she? Light, frivolous, painted as to face and dress as to feelings—what chance is there for Kitty to grow and find deep joy in the tender, beautiful things of life?

### Another Instance.

Billy Mason likes books. He wants to spend all his time reading and studying. He hates to be interrupted. He is grouchy and irritable if any one tries to tear him away from his studies and get him to join a crowd of young people. Billy is a student—he may be a scholar and even a celebrated scholar.

Want some day; but do you feel that Billy is going to understand his fellow men? Isn't he likely to miss a great deal and to scorn simple, primitive, natural feelings and desires?

Take stock of yourself and discover the thing that really gives you joy. It will tell you a great deal about yourself. For your longings and desires are deep within you and they govern you more than you know. Get them up to the light of day and face them squarely.

I know a rather austere, hard business woman who is so bent on success that she shoves aside all thoughts of love and marriage. She coldly criticizes sentimentalists. Recently my attention was directed to the fact that she has softly lighted lamps in her home; that her clothes are always of beautiful soft colors. That indicated a strain of sentiment underneath a hard, forbidding and almost morbid nature.

A suggestion that she come to a concert was laughed at—no time to waste on music! Didn't enjoy it. Far rather stay home and figure how to cut the cost in one of the departments of the office she manages. Willy-nilly I dragged her to the concert. A week later there was an exhibition of pictures she must see. Walks in the Autumn woods, trips to beautifully lighted studios.

As soon as that woman came face to face with her own real desire for beauty and recognized her interest in the lovely things of life, she mellowed. She used to find her recreation in telling risqué stories and going to all the plays that were advertised as "off color," and people suggested that the hidden self of this business woman wasn't very pleasant to think about. Now she is enjoying the real beauty of her own nature.

When you find what really interests you, you will find one of the keynotes of your being. Don't take a substitute. If you crave real beauty, make sure of it and don't try to satisfy yourself with cheap emotionalism. And if you like cheap emotionalism, take yourself in hand and teach yourself that in liking the ugly you handicap yourself.

In your interests a great part of your destiny is involved. You can't afford to let yourself go on liking the wrong things; you can't afford to find your satisfaction in the unworthy. For if you do, you will swing toward the petty, the contemptible, the weak and even the vicious.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

### A Sense of Values.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-one and on the verge of being a professional. This Spring I met a man, non-theatrical, four years older than I. The summer brought deep love to us. He wants me to become his wife, but although I love him dearly I feel that marriage would not make me happy. He could not be happy with a wife in my profession, as he is a man who wants his wife in his home and I know I could not be happy were I to give up the stage. What do you advise us to do?

A MISERABLE GIRL.

ALL I can do is advise you to make up your mind what you really want in this world, and how much you will sacrifice to have it. None of us can have everything, and the happy people are those who have a real sense of values, and who, knowing what they prize, make an honest effort to get it. On the one hand, love is offered you. On the other hand, there is a profession which also requires sacrifice, effort, diplomacy, and which is filled with disappointments. Balance your love of the stage, your faith in your own ability to succeed, against your love of a man and your faith in your own ability to make marriage a success. Which will you choose?

### Not Too Great a Difference

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am sixteen and in love with, and loved by, a man thirteen years older than I. He wishes me to marry him, but my father strictly forbids, as he thinks the difference in our ages is too great. Is it wrong for a girl to marry a man so much older?

PUZZLED.

SIXTEEN years is by no means too great a difference between the ages of a man and the woman he desires to marry. I cannot conscientiously advise you to disobey your father, but I want to appeal to him. A man of thirty-two is a man, just as much as a man of

turity, at a splendid age to guide his wife and to give her a feeling of having married a man on whom she can lean, a man of mature, sane judgment—one who is not just a romantic boy with whom she is having a love affair, but who is a splendid, strong man in whom she can have faith and confidence. This is not a matter of May and December, but of a young woman with a man who is just reaching maturity, who is at the very best age to marry and make a good husband.

### You Must Decide.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-one and deeply in love with a man who is a widower, and has three children. Now these three children are nine, sixteen and twenty, so you will see the oldest is almost my age. They object to their father's marrying me on account of my youth, but as he loves me, and I love him, do you think I ought to brave their displeasure and marry him just the same?

I hope you will answer "yes," but I will follow whatever advice you may give me. CLARA.

WHAT will be your attitude toward this man's children if you married their father? Are you going to estrange him from them, or will you try to win them, to keep the household together and to take a responsible interest in them and to mother the youngest? Are you just thinking of this marriage in terms of your own emotions and selfish desire? Are you imagining that you must have this man's love in order to be happy? Or are you seriously willing to be a helpmate and to justify yourself for disregarding the natural fears and prejudices of his children? Think it over. Make a fair decision. I cannot look into your heart and his, and above all, I cannot guarantee the outcome of any situation, you know.

## Livingstone's Great Day.

It was on Dec. 8, 1840, that the great explorer of the Dark Continent sailed for Africa as a missionary. To him is due the discovery of Lake N'gami, the Grand Victoria Falls and the opening up of vast stretches which have added so much to the wealth of the civilized world. He died in 1873 and his heart lies buried near Lake Bangweolo.

## DRACULA,

OR

## THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

THE light from the tiny lamps fell in all sorts of odd forms, as the rays crossed each other, or the capacity of our bodies threw great shadows. I could not for my life get away from the feeling that there was some one else amongst us.

I suppose it was the recollection, so powerfully brought home to me by the grim surroundings, of that terrible experience in Transylvania. I think the feeling was common to us all, for I noticed that the others kept looking over their shoulders at every round and every new shadow, just as I felt myself doing.

### HOW-MAIL MARKS ON DUST-COVERED FLOOR.

The whole place was thick with dust. The floor was seemingly inches deep, except where there were recent footprints, in which on holding down my lamp I could see marks of hobnails where the dust was cracked. The walls were dusty and heavy with dust, and in the corners were masses of spider's webs, whereon the dust had gathered till they looked like old, tattered rags as the weight had torn them partly down.

On a table in the hall was a great bunch of keys, with a time-yellowed label on each. They had been used several times, for on the table were several similar rusty iron keys in the shape of dust, similar to that exposed when the professor lifted them. He turned to me and said:

"You know this place, Jonathan. You have copied maps of it, and you know it at least more than we do. Which is the way to the chapel?" I had an idea of its direction, though on my former visit I had not been able to get admission to it so I led, the way, and after a few wrong turnings found myself opposite a low, arched oak door, ribbed with iron bands.

"This is the spot," said the professor as he turned his lamp on a small map of the house, copied from the file of my original correspondence regarding the purchase. With a little trouble we found the key on the bunch and opened the door. We were prepared for some unpleasantness, for as we were opening the door a faint, malodorous air seemed to exude through the gaps, but none of us ever expected such an odor as we encountered.

None of the others had met this Count at all at close quarters, and when I had seen him he was either in the fasting stage of his existence in his rooms or when he was gloating with fresh blood, in a ruined building open to the sky, but here the place was small and close, and the long disuse had made the air stagnant and foul.

### ATMOSPHERE LADEN WITH MYRIAD YEL BODIES.

There was an earthy, small, as of some dry miasma, which came through the fouler air. But as to the odor itself, how shall I describe it? It was not alone that it was composed of all the vile of mortality and death, the pungent, acid smell of blood, but it seemed as though corruption had become itself corrupt. Fought it sickens me to think of it. Every breath inhaled by that monster seemed to have clung to the place and intensified its loathsomeness.

Under ordinary circumstances such

a stench would have brought our enterprise to an end; but this was no ordinary case, and the high and terrible purpose in which we were involved gave us strength which rose above merely physical considerations. After the involuntary shrinking consequent on the first nauseous whiff, we one and all set about our work as though that loathsome place were a garden of roses.

We made an accurate examination of the place, the professor saying as we began:

"The first thing is to see how many of the boxes are left; we must then examine every hole and corner and count and see if we cannot get the clue as to what has become of the rest." A glance was sufficient to show how many remained, for the great earth chests were bulky, and there was no mistaking them.

### STARTLED BY APPEARANCE OF COUNT DRACULA.

There were only twenty-nine left out of the fifty! Once I got a fright, for, seeing Lord Godalming suddenly turn and look out of the vaulted door into the dark passage beyond, I looked, too, and for an instant my heart stood still. Somewhere, looking out from the shadow, I seemed to see the high lights of the Count's evil face, the ridge of the nose, the red eyes, the red lips, the awful pallor.

It was only for a moment, for, as Lord Godalming said, "I thought I saw a face, but it was only the shadows," and resumed his inquiry. I turned my lamp in the direction, and stepped into the passage.

There was no sign of any one; and as there were no corners, no doors, no aperture of any kind, but only the solid wall of the passage, there could be no hiding place even for him. I took it that fear had helped imagination, and said nothing.

A few minutes later I saw Morris step suddenly back from a corner, which he was examining. We all followed his movements with our eyes, for undoubtedly some nervousness was growing on us, and we saw a whole mass of phosphorescence, which twinkled like stars. We all instinctively drew back. The whole place was becoming alive with rats.

### LOVED GODALMING PRYING TO ACT IN EMERGENCY.

For a moment or two we stood appalled, all save Lord Godalming, who was seemingly prepared for such an emergency. Rushing over to the great iron-bound oak door, which Dr. Seward had designed from the outside, and which I had seen myself, he turned the key in the lock, drew the huge bolts, and swung the door open. Then, taking his little silver whistle from his pocket, he blew a low, shrill call.

It was answered from behind Dr. Seward's house by the yelping of dogs, and after about a minute three carriages came clattering round the corner of the house. The moment we had all moved toward the door, and as we moved I noticed that the dust and been much disturbed, the house which had been taken out had been brought this way.

But even in the minute that had elapsed the number of rats had vastly increased. They seemed to swarm over the place all at once, till the lamplight, shining on their moving dark bodies and glittering, baleful eyes, made the scene look like a bank of earth set with fireflies.

The dogs dashed on, but at the threshold suddenly stopped and snarled, and then simultaneously lifting their noses, began to howl in most lugubrious fashion. The rats were multiplying in thousands, and we moved out.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.) (Copyrighted.)

## Stories of Interest

### The Sultan's Treasures.

It is believed that in certain vaults at Constantinople there lie many hidden treasures of immense value belonging to the Sultan of Turkey. A throne of beaten gold, adorned with quantities of rubies, pearls, diamonds and emeralds set in mosaic, is perhaps the most fascinating object in the treasury. Selling the First brought it from Persia early in the sixteenth century. There is a second throne of ebony and sandalwood, encrusted with mother-of-pearl, gold, rubies, emeralds and sapphires.

Nowhere in the world are these precious stones to compare with the two great emeralds found here, one of which weighs two kilograms and is as large as a man's hand, and the other of which is only a little smaller.

There are diamonds, turquoises, rubies, emeralds and pearls by the half basket. Formerly the jewels were kept in drawers, but when last seen they were in bowls, each of which held two galleons.

In describing a luncheon that she attended in the harem of the present Sultan, Miss Grace Ellison, author of "An Englishwoman in a Turkish Harem," tells of diamond flowers that stretched from shoulder to shoulder of the High Controller of the harem, and of earrings made in the shape of birds, holding in their beaks a pearl as large as a cherry. The Sultan's granddaughter, a child of twelve, she pictures as having her hair in a knot on the top of her head inside a diamond crown, the front of her dress covered with diamonds and her hands encased in gold mittens studded with rubies and diamonds.

No museum in the world can boast a richer collection of armor, scimitars, shields, pistols, saddles, sandals, canes and the like, all jeweled and wrought of gold.

### Bridal Wreaths.

The Roman bridal wreath was of veronica, plucked by the bride herself. Holly wreaths were set as tokens of congratulations, and wreaths of parsley and rue were given under belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The hawthorne was the flower which formed the wreaths of Athenian brides. At the present day the bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange blossoms, a background of maiden-hair fern, a sprig here and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. The custom of using orange blossoms at weddings has been traced to the Sarcenas, among whom the orange blossom was regarded as a symbol of a prosperous marriage, a circumstance which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that in the East the orange tree bears ripe fruit and blossoms at the same time.

### The Beer of Borneo.

Beer, as made by the natives of Sarawak, in the northwestern region of Borneo, varies in its ingredients according to the different tribes who make it, the most intoxicating being that made by the Diakhs of Limbang. These people make their beer by boiling rice adding yeast, crushed wild chili, and a large lump of wood ash. This is all put into a jar and the jar is two-thirds full, and covered over with leaves which are held down with bamboo supports; water is poured on till the jar is full, and the beer is then ready for drinking. The drinking is performed by pushing bamboo tubes down to the bottom of the jar and then sucking up the liquid. So that no one shall have more than his fair proportion at a time, a system of floats is arranged whereby the amount of drink consumed by each man is registered.

To Be Continued Monday.